The Pacifick Fleet;

GOOD People give Ear, and I'll tell you a Story,
Will tickle your Ears, if you wiſh *Britain's* Glory,
For in Rhym the like ſure was ne'er laid before ye,
Which no Body can deny.

The *Spaniards* of late ſo haughty are grown,
They pretend both our Towns and our Ships are their own,
And the latter they take ſtill, 'tis very well known.
Which no, &c.

Hereupon we ſent Word, they wou'd find it their Beſt,
To give over thoſe Pranks, for we lik'd not the Jeſt,
And they gravely reply'd, *They wou'd weigh our Requeſt,*
Which no, &c.

But ſtill they went on, highly pleas'd with the Joke,
Our Traders were broken, our Merchant-Men took,
Reſolv'd if they cou'd, our *ſtern Wrath* to provoke,
Which no, &c.

So our Wrath was provok'ds and our Rage was ſo great,
That a Fleet was Equip'd, thoſe proud *Spaniards* to beat;
And we ſent for *Dutch Help*, in a violent Heat,
Which no, &c.

So the *Dutch* came to help us with twelve Men of War,
(For the *Dutch* like the *D——l*, Injuſtice abhor,
And they knew that the *Spaniards* had not play'd us fair,
Which no, &c.

So to *Spithead* they went, and at *Spithead* have lain,
But Deſign very ſoon for to ſcour out the Main,
To retrieve us our Honour, and humble Proud *Spain*,
Which no, &c.

But when to this Purpoſe, theſe Fleets are to *Weigh*,
I believe yet no *Briton* will venture to ſay;
But this I am ſure, they may ſail when they *May*,
Which no, &c.

But in the main Time, as in Line they are laid,
Moſt wiſely they are of a double Uſe made,
To our Nobles Diverſion, to our Foes they give Dread,
Which no, &c.

For the Gentry all round, and Nobility too,
To *Portſmouth* rid Poſt, this ARMADA to View,
As the firſt *Engliſh Fleet* was ſet out for a Shew,
Which no, &c.

But as *France* will not bear Chriſtian Blood to be ſhed,
Notwithſtanding a *Wager* himſelf's at their Head,
Fat Bucks in great Numbers have bled in their ſtead,
Which no, &c.

For the *Cardinal* thinks the ſame End we fulfil,
If we bear the Expence, tho' the Fleet do lie ſtill;
For we ſo frighten *Spain*, they will do what we will,
Which no, &c.

So the Fleet lies at Anchor, the Chaplins read Prayers,
The Ladies are learning our *Tarpawling* Airs,
And each Cook for each Day ſome New Diſhes prepares,
Which no, &c.

The Treats are of Veniſon, of Buck, Punch and Jelly,
Chaire entiere have the Ladies, as ſome People tell ye,
And few will return without TARR in their Belly,
Which no, &c.

So ſail when they will, they will leave us at Home,
A Brood of Young Sailors for Ages to come,
Who will Liſt Voluntiers at the ſound of a Drum,
Which no, &c.

On this ſcore alone, the Expence were well made,
For Sailors are wanting both for War and for Trade;
So the Scheme for the Publick was very well laid,

Printed in the Year, 1729

The Pastoral Elegy

GOOD People give Ear, and I'll tell you a Story
Shall tickle your Ears with Delight and Glory
For in Kent was late seen what I'll sing a Song of,
Which all Men may hear, and yet think it no Wrong of.

The Swains of Olive formerly are prone,
They pipe as well our Tweed and our Severn can,
And for to be short, as I will, 'tis very true,
Are

Whereupon we (for Words they would have) are
To give more than Pan ever gave to Pipe,
And sing praises [illegible] as none

But Kindly we entertain them with the
Our Cause
Kindly

So one
That
And we

So the Clouds
(For
And they

So is Shakespeare
I
To

But
Not
Your Majesty

For the Glory all round, and Delight,
To
As the

Then
Fat Bucks
Bounce

So the Heart's
The Ladies
And each

The Trees are
Choice
And low

So full when
A Bread
We will

On this Place
So the Scene for the Pub. [illegible]